

Dream was jealous

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Dream was jealous

by [FourWings](#)

Summary

Dream was not happy with the results of Love or Host or George forgetting who he belonged to. Luckily Dream is more than happy to take a plane over to remind him.

“You could have picked me, I was in the call.” The younger challenged, eliciting another groan from the older who picked himself up and sat up in the chair.

“Dream, you weren’t a contestant, so you weren’t an option.” George tried gently, stiffening as something the green eyed boy’s expression changed, turning more predatory as he now leaned in with a mocking smirk.

“Georgie, I’m not only an option, but for you I’m the only option.” Dream said, words like poison that were drenched in honey and making George flush a deep red as the anxiety in his stomach from a possible argument turned into potential arousal. “It seems you’ve

forgotten that though.”

“Dream, I haven’t forgo-” George tried to say, but was quickly cut off by the blond.

“Perhaps I’ll have to visit and remind you.”

Notes

This was recommended by a friend and fellow author, voided_space. Not much to say except I love Jealous Dream/Possessive Dream, so I wrote it. :D

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George smiled into the camera before turning his gaze away quickly as sporadic pricks of anxiety ran over him, looking back quickly and smiling as he ended the stream now that Minx had left, grateful to finally take a break after being on stream for more than 5 hours already. A notification came up showing he was no longer online and he sighed in relief, poking briefly at his cheeks that were sore from his constant smile that had shifted from nervous to genuine once Dream had showed up. He had wrestled with the decision for so long as he was half tempted to say Dream for the meme, but figured that wouldn’t be in good sport and chose the one person who had a reputation for picking host- only to be so unfortunate that Minx had, for once, chosen love. He made a brief face, the smile only half mocking before dropping it at the muscles in his face complained from being overused. It was so awkward to hear his boyfriend, whom the rest of the world thought was only his best friend, *congratulate* him on finding love in a monotone voice that was only light enough for the viewers to pass it off as friendly shipping; George knew better and knew the blond was more upset than he let on. Still, he hadn’t bothered to reach out during the ‘date’ so George assumed he had gotten over it and would simply complain about it off camera for a few days.

George flicked his mouse, walking his character in the date world around the house to look at the sunrise briefly before the game notified him somebody had joined the world.

Dream joined the game.

George quickly looked to his second screen, taking note Dream hadn’t dmed him or joined the open call and began to feel uneasy.

Dream: Discord, now.

George sighed, coming to terms his boyfriend was fixing up to bitch right now while George was tired instead of doing it at a decent hour. He pressed a few buttons and clicked on Dream's icon to start up a call. He didn't have to wait long for the other to answer, the blond picking up the call nearly instantly. "Hey Dream." George greeted with a smile before seeing the blond was trying to initiate a video call, something they still didn't do often despite George always wanting to see the other. Another mouse click and the video call started up.

The blond in question sat in a chair, one leg pulled up haphazardly with dirty blond hair tousled messily in front of sharp green eyes, a placid smile doing little to ease the nerves in the brunet. "Hey George." He greeted brightly in a tone that didn't match the severity of his face, a trait he had bothered to learn and taken advantage of since fans couldn't see his face. "How was your *date* with Minx?" George repressed a shudder, not missing the sarcastic tone that solidified Dream was unhappy.

"It was alright." He started slowly, brown eyes flicking to the white wall behind the other, unable to maintain eye contact. "I'm sure you were watching the stream since you waited till I was done to call."

Green eyes flickered in displeasure, tanned fingers with small scars reaching up to push the fringes of hair in his eyes back and flat to his head. "I did. You looked like you were having a lot of fun." The words were said evenly, even though expressive green eyes very clearly indicated he did not appreciate George's antics during the stream, however awkward the attempts at flirting had been.

"As much as I could have, considering it wasn't my boyfriend." The words were uttered carefully, but not enough as the strained smile turned into something scary. Dream lowered his leg to the floor, sitting up straighter to look taller and more authoritative while scooting in closer to the camera.

"That's right, she's not your boyfriend, she's your *girlfriend* now isn't she?" Dream said rather cruelly, head tilting ever so slightly as the smile turned into a snarl, whipping into the next sentence heatedly before George could come up with a response. "I bet you had more fun that you're letting on. You had so much fun with her, more fun than you would have had with me." The words stopped for a moment, Dream reeling his anger and possessiveness back before they could truly run away from him. "I mean she even laughed like me, maybe you would like a girlfriend more wouldn't you?"

George let out an offended and irritated noise, sliding down in his chair in exasperation, the cold tone in the words annoying him more than anything else, knowing the other said stupid shit when he was jealous and he had to try and defuse the ticking time-bomb his boyfriend was. "Dream, you know that's ridiculous." Green eyes stared at him levelly, hints of restraint in them that encouraged George to continue. "I didn't want to go on a date with anybody, you know I agreed to the show because they wanted to try and boost their ratings. I even picked Minx because she almost always picks Host instead of Love." These were clearly the wrong words as George could practically see the thin strands of control fall apart behind green eyes.

"You could have picked me, I was in the call." The younger challenged, eliciting another groan from the older who picked himself up and sat up in the chair.

"Dream, you weren't a contestant, so you weren't an option." George tried gently, stiffening as something the green eyed boy's expression changed, turning more predatory as he now leaned in with a mocking smirk.

“Georgie, I’m not only an option, but for you I’m the *only* option.” Dream said, words like poison that were drenched in honey and making George flush a deep red as the anxiety in his stomach from a possible argument turned into potential arousal. “It seems you’ve forgotten that though.” George swallowed thickly before licking his lips slightly, drawing Dream’s further attention and realizing his boyfriend was into this sort of talk. Dream’s grin widened, unable to resist tilting his head at the other in open curiosity.

“Dream, I haven’t forgo-” George tried to say, but was quickly cut off by the blond.

“Perhaps I’ll have to visit and remind you.” The words hardly counted as a request for permission, but the look in brown eyes was definite consent that further egged on the voracious speedrunner. “Do you like the sound of that George?” The others voice had dropped, becoming lower and gravelly as George’s breath caught, feeling like a deer in headlights as he nodded gingerly, not trusting his voice. “You want me to come over and remind you that you’re mine, don’t you?” He cooed, the blond hardly able to hold himself together as he wanted nothing more than to be with the brunet who’s intrigued and soft expression made Dream only want to pull him apart. “I think I’ll do that. I’ll come and fuck you so hard that you won’t forget that again.”

George couldn’t help the whimper he let out, only now finding a breath as he was spellbound by forest green eyes that held him still. Still, the blond remained silent as he allowed George the time to breath and respond even as the expression he wore reminded the brunet of a caged jungle cat pacing before a meal. “I would like that.” George managed after a harsh swallow, lips curling as the blond smiled in appeasement.

“Yeah?” The hard edge fell off but the tone was more than enough to keep the red on pale cheeks. “I can be there by tomorrow.” The eager nod from the older was more than enough permission for Dream to click off the discord window. A few minutes of furious clicking, and more sinful words from the Dream that made George want to melt, the former had purchased a flight on a private plane and was set to arrive in London the following day. They ended the call shortly after, the brunet eager to sleep and Dream needing to pack and sleep in preparation to remind the brunet exactly who he belonged to, the bitter taste of the Minx daring to call George ‘hers’ lingering in his mind.

Dream sighed, stepping off the plane into patchy sunlight broken up by clouds, the air slightly cooler than he was used to. He tossed his bag over his shoulder and thanked the pilot before making his way down the runway, a plain white mask with a smile drawn over it brought up over his nose and mouth as he went through customs. The process took close to 30 minutes before he finally was able to flag down a cab towards George’s place.

A quick glance at his phone indicated that it was close to 7 pm, a bit later than he would have preferred, but knowing that he would still have more than enough time with his partner. Dream smirked softly out the window, the mask concealing his expression from the hapless driver. The ride passed quietly as Dream ran over his plan one more time, grateful the brunet had recently moved from his parents' place even if his car ride was longer than last time.

“Here we are.” The driver called from the seat, giving him a glance in the rear-view mirror. Dream flashed him a smile that wasn’t visible, stepping out the car and granting the driver a good review and tip as he stepped up the staircase to George’s home. Tanned knuckles with small paper thin scars rapped on the wooden door, waiting impatiently for the gamer to answer the door while he pulled off his mask. The blond wondered distantly if George was making him wait on purpose to irritate him further when the door finally opened, revealing a flushed brunet who only turned a darker shade of red as he smirked and leaned in, opting to kiss the other as a greeting.

Long legs stepped into the doorway, gingerly walking the brunet back until he was able to shut the door behind him and then pulling back to stare into soft brown eyes. "Hey George."

The brunet smiled playfully at the other, amused. "Hey Dream, how was your flight?"

Dream smirked, unable to resist. "Was rough, but not half as rough as your night is going to be." He delivered with a wink, chuckling at the shift in expression in the brunet. He didn't bother to say another word, leaning in and crowding the shorter boy into a wall, smiling as the British boy made a soft noise from hitting the wall.

The blond gently nibbled on the boy's bottom lip, looking to make the kiss deeper as his hands ghosted up George's sides, feeling the other shiver delightfully in his grasp. The taller quickly pushed his tongue in once George opened up for him, leaning in closer and grabbing at the paler boy, pinning him to the wall while he took his time remapping the brunet's mouth and committing the small moans to memory. "Dream," George whined once the other pulled off to breath, quickly cut off with a sharp nip to his neck that told him to wait. Brown eyes gazed up into heated green, both boys flushed and panting softly already, before Dream smirked and pressed his nose along George's necks, noting how his breath hitched sharply in anticipation. He continued necking and pressing soft kisses into tense muscles, fingers gingerly touching and stroking George's sides, all a careful plan to tease George and rile him up.

"Dream, stop teasing." He finally grit out, pants already too tight and skin dancing from the light stimulation and wanting more than what the blond was giving him.

"How is this teasing?" Dream muttered quietly, not bothering to hide the shit-eating grin that George could feel on his neck. "I'm just kissing you Georgie." The British boy huffed, impatient with his boyfriend who was clearly messing with him and taking matters into his own hands. Thin arms reached out to grab at Dream's back, intent on teasing the other back when stronger, and slightly larger, hands left his waist to pin both him down. George whimpered softly, cheeks red and feeling mildly irritated with the others slow movement, knowing this was now part of Dream's plan. Still, he couldn't help the satisfaction that rolled through his body as he was being pinned by his wrists to the wall with the taller leaning over him, clearly in a position of power and using it to 'force' George's submission. He briefly considered fighting further, temptation pulsing through him as lightly tanned hands moved his hands above his head and pinned them down by his wrist since he only needed one hand for that. The impulse quickly went away as Dream's free hand shifted to his chin, gripping it firmly and forcing murky brown eyes to meet smug greens. "Be good for me George." The blond said imploringly, pressing their foreheads together and squashing the last of George's disobedience, brown eyes clearing up and humming needily. A grin flashed across the taller's face, no words spoken as he leaned in to catch George into another slow kiss full of tongue and teeth that made the shorter squirm.

The one hand fell off George's chin, making its way down the pale boy's sides again before fumbling with George's pants. It was a false promise as the button was undone but the clothing itself wasn't pushed down, instead Dream turned his attention to rubbing hard on George's hip bones, drinking in the small and needy noises that were slowly growing more wanton by the minute. Once again Dream pulled away, pressing firm kisses into George's collar bone, wanting to suck dark marks into pale skin as a reminder to him and the world George was, indeed, taken. He abstained, knowing the other had planned for a live-stream this week and would likely not appreciate the marks being there for his viewers, but the temptation lingered as another whine, impatient and desperate, rumbled deep in George's heaving chest.

"Dream please?" He tried again, voice breaking halfway through as his fingers twitched in the blond's firm grip. "I need more."

Dream grinned and nipped slightly harder at the juncture of George's neck, shivering at the gasp his boyfriend made, giving in slightly and sucking softly on the skin while making sure there would be no mark. He repeated this once more before finally using his well placed hand to push down the brunet's pants, the article of clothing easily slipping down once they met pale thighs that were shaking in anticipation. "Step out of them." Dream breathed out quietly, pleased by the quick response with George kicking the pants away, only now in black boxers that did nothing to hide George's arousal.

George, foolishly, hoped Dream would finally touch him, give him something more than the soft and teasing touches he had been subjected to for that last several minutes that felt more like hours. However, the other simply ran a hand very lightly over the front of his underwear before moving to deliver soft but swift pinches to his thighs, some so close that Dream pinched fabric along with skin. The brunet was drowning in the sharp but so soft pricks of touch and gentle kisses along his neck, nowhere near hard enough for the brunet and that was exactly the point. He gasped as Dream bit down on his collarbone, the action quickly softening as Dream realized the pressure was harder than he meant and George gave a hiss of dissatisfaction. "Please Dream?" Something told George he would be saying those words more and more often tonight and it had mostly to do with the wicked grin the blond gave him as he pulled away from George's neck.

"What George? I gave you more didn't I?" The words were mocking and the more irritating mixture of arousing and annoying. *Only Dream could pull that off.* George thought through the mild brain fog that was making speaking difficult.

"Dream, stop teasing me. I want you to do what you said you would do." George tried, swinging slightly in the opposite direction of sweet begging and seeing if he could egg the other into action. There was a flash in green eyes, but not the kind George wanted.

"I said I would make sure you knew who you belonged to, and that I would make sure you would be having a rough night tonight." Dream said while purposefully leaving out the comment that he would be fucking George, not that the brunet would be able to call him out on it, giving the other a clear look over while the smirk widened. "And so far, you look like you're having a rough time. So I'm doing exactly what I said I would." George whimpered as Dream returned to his neckline, kissing and nipping at the skin by his ears even softer than before. George wanted to scream, part of him loving the treatment as it made his knees weak to be so helpless to the other's will and having to endure whatever Dream wanted to give him. Still, he wanted more and pulled the last dredges of his brain cells together to find the right words that would encourage Dream to move any faster, occasionally losing some as teeth would pull on an earlobe or nip a particularly sensitive patch of skin.

The solution came as George nearly gave up, ready to succumb to a night of gentle maddening touches until the blond, who admittedly wasn't the most patient but had his moments, decided he wanted more. Stuck in an internal mantra of 'unfair' the brunet realized this madness of teasing touches that were impossible to make into more was likely how Dream had felt watching the show. George considered that while they had agreed to the show, realizing it would be great for publicity, for all the channels involved, and a good way to bring the shippers more content, it still had hit a nerve in the blond who was so far away most of the time. Another sharp hit came in the form of the memory of Minx offering to take a 30 minute flight to see George resurfaced, something Dream could hardly do often, and he understood this part of his punishment.

"I'm sorry Dream." He bit out, his own personal pride flattening while he struggled to regain control of his mouth, feeling the blond stop against his neck. "I understand, I'm sorry for teasing you."

Dream leaned back up to place a sweet kiss to the shorter's lips, chaste and gentle but appreciative, and slightly impressed that George managed to guess why he was doing this first... not that it would change much for later. "You better be." Dream mumbled, releasing the pale boy's wrists and being thrilled as they stayed in place, now using both hands to pull George's shirt off. George smiled, flushed and eyes full of arousal as Dream smirked. "Wrap your legs around me." He said just before scooping the brunet up, loving the surprised expression the boy made as he walked them to the bedroom, knowing the other did enjoy the manhandling even if he wouldn't admit it easily.

George's breath hitched as he was gently deposited on his bed, Dream already bringing their lips together and pressing him flat into the bed. He brought his hands up, tangling them in blond hair and pulling gently, smirking at the moan the blond made. "Still like having your hair pulled Dream?" George rasped softly as Dream pulled away, hearing an audible growl and amused green eyes. Unable to resist, he tugged harder this time and was rewarded with another bruising kiss while the blond shuddered, letting the brunet enjoy the moment. "Fuck Dream." George moaned, breaking away from the kiss as Dream pinched one of his nipples hard and making his back arch slightly.

"You still have a pain kink." Dream said with a playful smirk, not bothering to catch the other in another kiss and opting to nip harder than before at the older's neck, drawing another moan out. "Do you still have that rope from last time?" He asked as the other shuddered in response, getting an eager nod in response. Dream leaned back, carefully grabbing George's wrists and putting them together and above the brunet's head, pressing down on them while staring seriously into heated chocolate colored eyes. "Keep them there, are they in the same box from before?"

"Yeah, the box is in the closet." George answered eagerly to the blond's satisfaction. Dream hummed in acknowledgment, standing slowly with intense eyes to make sure the brunet would actually listen. He took little time grabbing the rope, only offering an approving look to his partner before he set the rope down briefly on the bed to readjust George to be in the center of the bed. Deft hands that were fairly practiced made short work of tying George's wrists to the bed, allowing enough slack for the other to pull slightly if the position became a strain on his shoulders, but not were near enough to squirm away. George gave an experimental tug before biting his lip nervously, looking forward to what Dream was going to do now that he had both hands to use.

The blond caught on and gently cupped George's cheek with a smile that was everything but reassuring. "You scared?" He asked mockingly as George's cock twitched against his thigh under the thin fabric. "You should be." The older swallowed thickly, not needing to say how aroused the words made him as a whine ripped its way out of his throat, the only encouragement Dream needed to actually start the show. "You're so cute like this George." He cooed, straddling the other at his waist and letting his clothed ass rest near the tied boy's cock. "Exposed." He ran his hands up the other's side unkindly, applying enough pressure to make skin writhe underneath his fingertips, pausing on their journey up to flick his thumbs over dusky pink nipples that resulted in a sharp gasp. "Blushing." The hands traveled further up, resting on either side of George's neck and forcing him to stare into predatory eyes with a matching smirk. "Submissive." Fingers now tangled into dark brown hair, Dream humming as the chest under him started rising faster as he breathed in quickly in suspense, brown eyes lowering slightly as the words brought him higher. "Mine." He said, lowering himself until he was tucked into the other's neck. He could feel the boy beneath him shivering in anticipation as Dream stared fondly at the pale neck before him, the temptation to mark it up as a signal to others that George was his rising once more. A high pitched whine of impatience followed by a slight wiggle made the choice clear for the blond.

George shouted, unable to help trying to move his hips up and brushing against Dream as teeth dug savagely into his neck. He squeezed his eyes shut as his nerves lit up in pain, sharp and constant on

sensitive skin while he tried to take in quick short breaths. The fingers in his hair tightened and tipped his head back, opening more space on his neck for Dream while he sucked hard on his neck, clearly intent on making a dark hickey. He shuddered, hands flexing before tightening around his restraints as they longed to twine into dirty blond hair and pull to get similar moans from the boy who had taken time to make him so sensitive and receptive to these now harsh bites that hurt so beautifully. Finally the other pulled off with a last swipe of his tongue that drew a shudder and moan from the brunet, leaning back enough to gauge George's reaction and was met with a flushed face and shiny eyes before pink lips opened to beg for more. Dream smirked, more than happy to oblige.

Dream twisted George's head looking for another good spot to make a mark, tucking in to run his nose across a swath of neck that was under the right side of George's jaw, pausing as the boy shivered ever so slightly. Curious, Dream exhaled softly against the spot and watched with rapt interest as the muscles underneath twitched. Green eyes lit up in mirth, tilting his head and sinking his teeth in gently, beyond amused as George whimpered softly in complaint. He slowly bit down harder until a harsh shout indicated he was bridging the brunet's line, easing back slightly before proceeding to suck another dark bruise onto the skin between his teeth. Dream's cock twitched as the body beneath him twitched and shivered beneath him in response to the sharp pain that crept into pleasure for the brunet. He did have to readjust his hips slightly as George continued to try and grind against him, not ready to give the shorter the pleasure he sought. Dream moaned, pulling away from George's neck to meet dark pink cheeks as the boy shouted at the last nip to the area, his gaze going up further to see fingers that were also a dark pink color from pulling and tightening around the rope. He smirked, delighting in how wrecked George was, and they had hardly done anything yet. Green eyes flit back down to a flushed pale neck, eyeing the two dark bruises that were already forming there and deciding he wanted to make more. Still, he needed to check in. "George?" He started, de-tangling his hands from the brunet's hair and resting them on the sides of the Brit's face. "You good still?"

Brown eyes cleared up slightly to portray annoyance. "I'm not going to be if you keep making me wait for you to fuck me." George hissed, attempting to move his hips to prove his point while Dream smirked in response, kissing the other briefly.

"You got it George." Dream said, leaning back to the boy's neck teasingly before dropping slightly further down to his collarbone, and feeling the shudder the other made, decided that's where he would leave his next mark. George cried out hoarsely, shaking as Dream once again bit into sensitive flesh and twitching as the waves of pain rolled out to his toes from the spot, starting sharp before softening into an ache that made warmth pool and sink into his bones, forcing him to shiver. He flexed his fingers, arching his body when Dream scraped his teeth gently against the bite mark and resumed sucking, making sure this would be just as dark as the other two on his neck. Just as the sensations became somewhat manageable, the brunet shouted with a start as fingers pinched and rolled his nipples and grit his teeth, exhaling shakily before breathing in quickly as they rolled once again. "You like that?" Dream asked as he released his hold on the boy's collarbone, breathing heavily as he listened to his partner fall apart and quickly losing his patience to drag this out.

"Dream, please." He dragged out, staring with needy brown eyes that promptly threw more teasing out the window, his cock painfully reminding him what it wanted.

"Fucking hell George." He groaned before pressing their lips together, nibbling the boy's bottom lip meanly before opening his mouth and letting George press in. Small pants and whimpers came from both of them as George pressed the kiss deeper, flicking his tongue slightly and eliciting a heady moan from the blond before nibbling Dream's bottom lip teasingly. When Dream pulled back he was more red and flushed than before only to meet a sly grin from his boyfriend. He

huffed softly, wanting to lean back in for another kiss but he wanted something better more, before removing himself from the boy and making quick work of his own clothes. He shot George a grin when the other stared at him, knowing what the other wanted. *Maybe a little more teasing wouldn't hurt.* Dream thought as he got back on the bed, green eyes catching the small twitched in pale, unmarked thighs. The taller smirked teasingly at the brunet while slowly dragging his fingertips up the boys legs, watching them shake slightly at the light touch before stopping at the hemline of black boxers. Dream thumbed at the skin just underneath, admiring the annoyed expression he got from the older man before finally sliding the black article of clothing down lean legs, flicking them off and behind him carelessly. "Aww, somebody is a little hard." Dream taunted, making it seem like he would relent and touch George before simply rubbing deep circles into his thighs.

"Dreeaam." George whined and only egging the blond on, a wicked grin on his face as he knelt between the others legs and preemptively pinning the older's hips down.

"You're just going to have to wait a bit longer George." He said softly, running his nose up the boys inner thigh and feeling skin shiver in response while George groaned at the further teasing. "I want to leave some marks here too." Dream mumbled, clearly trying to find a good spot that got a strong reaction simply from touching it. It didn't take long as George reflexively tried to pull his leg away as Dream's breath ghosted over the sensitive skin that was slightly below and to the right of George's member. The blond smirked, adjusting his grip to pull the leg closer and already hearing the brunet's whine knowing what would come, a quick look into brown eyes revealing he was looking forward to it. Eager to put another mark of his own on creamy skin, he simply leaned forward and gently bit down, not needing to apply much pressure to a spot so sensitive. Sure enough, George nearly screamed and Dream could hear the sudden jerking of the rope, but he also could feel how the shorter's body tried to arch into the bit and pull away clearly torn between more or none. Dream grinned and began gently sucking on the skin, this time George writhed and howled at the stimulation and his cock jerked while Dream surprised a sadistic giggle, staying in place for only a few seconds before removing himself, admiring the already darkening mark with pride. This was a mark only Dream would see, and George would be able to see in a mirror every time he changed or shower. The possessive thought made him shudder as a low moan built in his throat, looking back up to a flushed face and bruised lips, all of it was a result of him touching George and him leaving *his* marks on the older. "Mine." Dream growled before the brunet shuddered harshly at the words and his dick twitched in obvious agreement.

Dream gently nipped up and down George's other thigh, not bothering to find a sensitive spot for his next mark as much as another easily visible spot, ultimately deciding on a spot halfway down the boys thigh. Once again he bit down hard, more focused on sucking a spot as his tongue ran over the sensitive and warm skin. Dream had to hold his leg in place as George cried out, trying to writhe away at the sensation that was both painful and pleasurable and driving him crazy as his breath grew sharper, more impatient than before. Before he could open his mouth to beg again, Dream let the patch of skin go, not bothering to admire his handiwork as he quickly moved to untie the brunet's hands. As expected, the moment they were free grabby hands tangled into his hair and tugged hard, eliciting a lewd whine from the blond who reached up to pull the hands out of his hair with a fond smirk and hazy eyes.

"George, don't make me regret untying you so soon." He rasped lowly, using his larger size to crowd the boy back down onto the bed until he released a soft whimper of submission. Dream smiled softly, pushing pale hands back above the brunet's head and releasing them as he trusted George understood the message. "You're going to keep them there while I prep you, or I'll make you wait longer." The last part was a lie, Dream had originally planned to tease the boy for hours until he was begging and screaming, but now all he wanted was to be buried deep in George.

George nodded eagerly, brown eyes flashing with mirth as his lips tugged slightly and somehow making him look even more endearing. "What about after you're done prepping me?" He asked coyly, the sly smile drawing a shiver out of Dream who leaned closer until their noses were practically touching while cupping either side of the brunet's face tenderly.

"You can touch all you want after I'm in you." He whispered, eagerly drinking in the wave of lust that coated warm brown eyes.

"Dream." George groaned, trying to lean up for a kiss as the blond pulled away teasingly, redirecting his attention lower. Lightly tanned hands wrapped around the others hips as Dream pulled him up slightly to get a better view of the boy, pausing and chuckling at what he saw.

"Did you really?" Dream managed out between amused chuckles as George blushed and glared fiercely at the other.

"I thought it would be better to be prepared for tonight." The shorter bit out quickly, doing nothing to discourage the laughter of the other. He knew Dream was going to tease him tonight, so he had spent time prepping himself and put in a decent sized butt plug to help keep him open for tonight to try and speed up the process. "Why are you laughing at me?" He finally asked, looking away with great embarrassment.

Fond green eyes stared down at the flustered boy, reaching up to firmly grab the boy's chin to connect their eyes. "I'm not laughing at you babe." He started sincerely before his smile turned into a wolfish smirk and his grip on the other's chin slightly harder, enough to cause a slight wince. "I'm laughing because you just gave me a better way to tease you." George shuddered as Dream pulled him into a kiss. George gasped as the younger's free hand gripped the base of the plug, already shaking as Dream pulled slightly at the toy. He tried to move his hips only for Dream to let go of his chin to force his hips to the bed firmly, the action actually pushing the toy back in and he moaned into the others mouth.

"Ah! Dream." He dragged out as the other twisted the toy inside before once again gently pulled until it seemed the widest part of the toy would pop out before being pressed back in hard. George panted harshly, turning his head to the side and making an opening to the blond to return to nipping at his neck. He felt as if he was on fire as the blonde repeated the twisting once more, whining loudly as his hole twitched and tightened sinfully around the toy to keep it in.

"Hah, you like that George?" Dream asked wickedly against his neck, dragging his tongue up the sensitive skin until sinful lips were sucking on his earlobe in tandem with the shallow pushes of the toy. George's hands scrambled into the pillows, dangerously close to grabbing and pulling at blond hair until he got his way. "You like feeling this toy inside you? How good it feels when I almost pull it out?" The only answer the blond got was a broken moan and another wriggle as the boy attempted to move his body again, the action ultimately useless. Naturally, the blond pulled the toy slowly once more, twisting as he pulled this time until the widest part did slip past the tight and twitching ring that desperately tried to keep it in. The moan, broken and needy, made the blond groan, biting harshly at the others neck just to hear it again. "You want this or me George?" He waited a moment to let the other find his breath and words even as his fingers twitched in impatience and he fought a smirk off his face.

Shiny brown eyes looked up, pushed to the limits of patience and clearly frustrated. "Dream, I want you now." George bit out, attempting to roll his hips against an iron grip and groaning as he got nowhere. "Dream, I can't I nee- Fuck!" He cut off into a wail as the toy was shoved back in quickly and twisted, squeezing his eyes shut as the waves of pleasure that weren't enough rolled through him like fuel to a fire. "Dream!" He whined as he let out another moan from another thrust

of the toy, feeling like he would lose his mind as teeth scraped down the shell of his ear sinfully before gingerly biting on his earlobe that had the brunet release a defeated sob, hands twitching.

“You want me, beg.” Another nip and thrust that sent him reeling. “Beg for me Georgie, or this doesn’t stop.”

George nearly sobbed, the next pull sinfully slow and teasing but giving him just enough clarity to seek words that he had been saying all night. Just as he reached them, the fingers holding his hip down pressed down painfully hard and showing the blond’s own impatience. “Fuck.” He whimpered softly, blinking dizzily towards the ceiling as the room seemed to spin from the pain that went hand in hand with the pleasure. “Dream, please, ah! Please, fuck me!” He tried, wailing again as the toy repeated the same motion in silent disapproval. “Dream please!” He sounded pathetic, voice raspy and fucked out yet begging for more with wide and wet brown eyes. “I need you inside me, Dream please fuck me please I can’t anymore.” The words were said through whimpers in a thin voice, turning his gaze towards green eyes that were on fire. “Please.” George nearly sobbed as the toy was pulled out, relief filling him as he heard the item being flung somewhere in his room. A hand firmly gripped his chin as he submitted easily to his face being tilted into an approving kiss, moaning needily.

“So good and eager for me like a good boy.” Dream murmured approvingly against greedy lips that desperately tried to seek another kiss that the blond allowed, once again allowing George to lead the kiss as he shifted closer to the other. He pulled away briefly to sit up straighter and looked down to line himself up with the other’s hole, running his head along teasingly once before an impatient whine demanded him to stop. Dream glance up with a sheepish smile to meet flushed red cheeks and swooning. “Brat.” He said playfully before pushing in slowly, giving the other ample time to relax and adjust. The blond was only half surprised when the brunet quickly moved his hands to wrap around him and pull the other in quickly, the pair moaning simultaneously as Dream bottomed out. The blond grimaced, putting his head on the others shoulder and panting while George squirmed defiantly to push the other into moving. “Holy fuck George.” Dream grunted, pressing a hard kiss to the boy’s shoulder and feeling him writhe while fingernails dug into soft skin as retaliation.

“Fuck me already.” George hissed, voice heated and absolutely filthy. Dream smirked as he moaned, tipping his head to nip at the other’s neck while slowly pulling out until just the tip was still inside the other. Dream shivered at the effort it took to resist George who was frantically trying to push him back in quickly and huffing in annoyance as he didn’t get far with that. The blond nuzzled the other’s collarbone teasingly, teeth dragging across the sensitive skin before pushing in quickly and drawing out a scream from the brunet who tightened around him. They were already so damn close from all the teasing, but Dream wanted to hear one more thing and he wouldn’t let the brunet get off a moment before he said it. “Dreeaam, please.” George whined, dragging his hands up the others back, letting them rest at the back of the others neck, staring up with pleading brown eyes.

“I’m already fucking you George.” Dream said, reaching up to push his hair back as it kept falling into his face, smirking at the annoyed and needy brunet while pulling out slowly and watching brown eyes glaze over in pleasure while fingernails dragged roughly at the back of his neck. “What more do you want?” Dream sounded less composed than he wanted, but it was still miles ahead of the brunet who looked ready to kill him for the endless amounts of teasing. *Serves him right.* The blond thought, another stab of jealousy floating through as the girls from the show’s laughter ran through his mind, a firm reminder why he was doing this. He smirked and bottomed out quickly and shuddered as George keened beautifully and tipped his head back in pleasure. “See, you feel my cock inside you?” He crooned softly, bringing his hands back to the others hips to hold him in place as he rolled his hips while remaining inside the other, both moaning in pleasure and panting

at the stimulation.

“Ah, Fu-Dream!” George shouted as the other pulled out slowly again, muscles tensing and tightening around the other’s large cock desperately trying to keep him from pulling out only to fail. He shivered in suspense before practically screaming at the next thrust in, harder than the one before and making his own cock smack audibly against his naval, the contact being the only touch the appendage had gotten all night. “Please, I need, I -Fuck!” His pleading was cut off by a savage bite to his neck, slightly lower than before but just as hard and firm, despite his writhing he was in the blond’s hands and completely helpless. The thought was frustrating as he wanted to cum, but his traitorous cock simply twitched in arousal as more precum beaded from the tip that was already coated in slick.

The brunet spun as the mouth worked on sucking bruise after bruise into his neck as harsh and slow thrusts rocked his body in firm hands that cupped his waist infuriatingly and perfectly still. Tears of frustration and arousal trickled down his cheeks as he screamed from the next thrust that hit his prostate head on, toes curling and fingers scrambling up to tangle in blond hair before pulling *hard*. “Fuck George.” Dream moaned weakly, trembling briefly inside the other and pausing. The blond was terribly close and with the others walls clenching down so hard on him he could hardly breathe, let alone thrust again and not cum. George noticed the pause and desperately pulled at the blond hair while moaning whoreishly into his ear, attempting to break the boys resolve, and it nearly worked as Dream groaned, pulling back quickly for the first time tonight. George’s limbs tingled in euphoria, thinking he had finally gotten his way for the first time that night as Dream drove back in, once against connecting with his prostate only to sob as the other with great restraint grinded it in, the hard pressure that was slow and constant making him tug blond hair harshly while hiccuping from the over-stimulation.

“Dream, Ah, please Sto-Ah! Too much Dream please please.” He begged, flailing in an iron grip as lips connected with his aggressively, swallowing his screams and cries and begging eagerly as the blond eased off the other’s prostate but not pulling out completely. Dream was enthralled by the screams and begging of his boyfriend and how his body positively twitched from the slightest touch, which included a gentle kiss to the hollow of the boy’s throat that was followed by a needy whimper.

“Georgie, darling, breath for me.” Dream mused softly into the crook of the others ear, staying still inside the other to allow the other the opportunity to recover. George whined again, torn between being grateful for the short reprieve as his body trembled weakly while also wanting Dream to finish him off as his cock was painfully hard. Slowly, his breathing evened out and became less frantic and he found his words again. Before he could use them, Dream decided to tell George exactly what he wanted. “You want me to finish you off?” He asked quietly, getting an all too eager nod in return that made the blond smile. “I will, but I need to hear something from you first.” Dream watched with great pleasure as brown eyes dizzy with pleasure desperately looked for an answer. “Can you guess what it is?” A gentle grind into the other made the brunet jump and whine again, shaking his head while Dream tutted in disappointment. “That hurts George.” He said mockingly, nipping at the boy’s ear and feeling the shudder than ran through George’s whole body. “Try again, there was something Minx said that really pissed me off. It was after you gave her a single diamond.” The tone in Dream’s voice made George’s skin crawl, reminding him of when they were playing manhunt and Dream still somehow managed to be the hunter.

The brunet scrounged through the memories that weren’t long ago but felt eons ago compared to how slow this night had gone. Everything outside right now was hazy and George was ready to give up when words passed through his mind, words that had even made him feel uncomfortable hearing them at the time but unable to deny them due to the stream. “You’re mine now, you gave me a diamond.” George shivered and Dream knew the other had figured it out. The blond nipped

harshly at an already marked up neck, the action more possessive as jealously bit at him. “She said I was hers.” George whispered, a soft kiss being pressed to his neck in approval.

“So what do you think I want to hear George?” As sweet as the other’s voice was, George could hear the waver and it made him shiver and tip his neck back further to receive another kiss, hurried and demanding.

“I’m yours Dream.” George said quietly, moaning at the quick thrust as the other growled into his neck, delivering another sharp bite as his hips snapped back again.

“Say it again, louder.” Dream snarled into his neck viciously as he bit at the sensitive skin before mercifully going down further to light up the skin on the others collarbone. “I want you to scream it or I won’t let you cum.”

George trembled and a whiny moan found its way out his throat at the words, more than happy to repeat them as loud as his lover wanted. “Fuck! Ah, Dream, I’m y-yours! I’m so close please!” He pleaded louder, satisfied by the growl that rumbled against his chest and the speed of the others thrusts got faster, driving straight into his prostate over and over again making him see stars. His fingers pulled at blond hair, eliciting raspy and needy moans from Dream as they both got close.

A hand wrapped around his cock making him shout and writhe while teeth quickly nipped a trail up his neck, stopping to nibble on sore earlobes. “That’s right, you’re fucking mine.” Dream said roughly with a bite to emphasize it as George mewled, trying to roll his hips into the hand around his cock, desperate for release. “I’m the only one who gets to see you like this.” Another hard thrust that made George snap his head back and curl into the sheets as he spoke. “I’m the only one who fucks you until you lose your mind.” George’s toes curled, release was so close if Dream would just move his hand he could cum and he sobbed as the hand tightened but didn’t move. “These marks on you, they’re my marks, nobody else’s.” George bit his lip hard as Dream leaned up to look at him with a flushed red face that made his freckles more prominent, green eyes staring down at his possessively while the remaining hand on his hip tightened. “You are mine George, nobody else’s.” He leaned in for a kiss, hard and full of teeth as George keened, *so close*. “Say it again.” Dream demanded and who was George to deny him.

“Yours, fuck only yours Dream please I need to-” George cut himself off with a strangled cry as Dream finally moved his hand and brought George over the edge in seconds, going stiff and body tightening as he came. Dream groaned as the the older clamped down on his cock, hips stuttering briefly before shoving back in harshly and cumming well inside the other with a moan.

There was several minutes of both breathing hard before Dream smirked down at the tired boy, kissing his forehead sweetly. “Hell that was hot.” He said fondly as George brought trembling fingers up to push Dream’s hair back from his face before gently pulling him into a kiss, tender and soft now.

“It was.” George said simply as he pulled away, smiling as his eyes gained a serious note. “But if you ever make me wait that long to cum again I’ll make you pay for it.” He threatened to the chagrin of the other.

“Oh yeah? What are you going to do Georgie?” Dream teased before squeaking as George twisted the others hair hard while smirking confidently and letting the blond’s hair go to push sweaty brown hair back, shivering as the other got off of him.

“I’ll do the same thing to you.” He answered simply, his smirk growing as Dream shivered at the threat with a gleam in his eyes. “You are a bigger brat than I thought, you could just ask if you want that.” George teased, sitting up and wincing at the bites on his thighs before his eyes went

wide. “Oh my fucking god Dream!” He shouted hoarsely, reaching up to touch his neck and seeing the blond smirk at him. “How many did you leave?”

Dream hummed softly and tossed the brunet a towel to wipe the cum off. “I dunno, looks like 5, but I wasn’t counting when I made them.” He said remorselessly, laughing as George threw a pillow at him in frustration.

“I have MCC to stream this weekend!” George whined, blushing and touching his neck with a wince. “How do I explain this to anybody without looking like a-” Dream cut the other off with a kiss, smiling softly.

“I frankly don't care. In fact, I want people to see them.” Green eyes took on a dark look. “I want people to see you and know you are taken, even if they don’t know who.” George’s cheeks were a dark red and he huffed, pulling the other into the bed, too tired to move at the moment.

“You’re a possessive bastard.” George grumbled fondly. Dream hummed in acknowledgment before facing the other with a sly look.

“Green is the color of jealousy to be fair.” He said and George groaned, getting up to shower as Dream followed with a loud laugh.

End Notes

Thanks for reading, and I hope everybody is staying safe out there with all the fires happening. I live in California and the smoke is dreadful, so stay safe and hydrated y'all. <3

I also realized I have 7 fics, 3 are Poly Dteam with 2 being Georgenap and 2 being Dreamnap- but none are DreamNotFound? Had to fix that really quick.

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